

Apple Wassail (continued)

Chorus:

*Stand fast, root, bear well, top,
Raise your tankard for a howling
crop—*

*And a little heap under the stairs—
Hulloa, boys, hulloa, and blow the
horn!*

1. Captain Spratty Knight

*Wassails left and right,
Spreading fecundity
To every dormant apple tree;
He blows his horn at night
To scare off evil sprites;
We dance with delight,
And sing with Spratty Knight:*

Chorus

*2. Spratty has a knife
For when the sprites run rife
Never taunted by their tricks:
He beats the wicked sprites with sticks;
They scurry under stones
To nurse their broken bones.
We dance with delight,
And sing with Spratty Knight:*

Chorus:

*Stand fast, root, bear well, top,
Raise your tankard for a howling
crop—
Every twig, apples big—
And a little heap under the stairs—
Hulloa, boys, hulloa, and blow the
horn!*

3. Spratty has a lamp

*To dispel dark and damp,
Green crab apples, cored and roast,
And, soaked in cider, crusty toast;
He gives, with gaping glee
These good gifts to the tree.
We dance with delight,
And sing with Spratty Knight:*

Chorus:

*Stand fast, root, (etc.)...
Every twig, apples big,
Every bough, apples now—*

*And a little heap under the stairs—
Hulloa, boys, hulloa, and blow the
horn!*

4. Spratty gives a shout

*To bring good faeries out;
About the tree they rush
And the robin, and the thrush
Will come, when it is day
To steal the crumbs away,
While we dance with delight
And sing with Spratty Knight:*

Chorus:

*Stand fast, root, (etc.)...
Every twig, apples big,
Every bough, apples now,
Hats full, caps full—
And a little heap under the stairs—
Hulloa, boys, hulloa, and blow the
horn!*

5. Spratty has a tankard,

*He is a happy drunkard,
He's a chuckler, he's a charmer
And he'll ask the merry farmer,
For cider, in full payment
For wassailing entertainment,
And we'll dance with delight
And sing with Spratty Knight:*

Chorus:

*Stand fast, root, (etc.)...
Every twig, apples big,
Every bough, apples now,
Hats full, caps full, five bushel sacks
full—
And a little heap under the stairs—
Hulloa, boys, hulloa, and blow the
horn!*

*6. When winter turns to spring,
Spratty shall not sing.*

*When the summer sun is glowing
He'll watch the apples growing,
But when the light is failing
He'll once more go wassailing
And we'll dance with delight*

Chorus (as previous chorus)